Of all the Court and Princes of my bloud,
The hope and expectation of thy time,
Is ruin'd, and the soule of euery man
Prophetically do forethink thy fall:
Had I so lauish of my presence beene,
So common hackneid in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheape to vulgar company,
Opinion that did helpe me to the crowne
Had still kept loyall to possession,
And left me in reputeles banishment,
A fellow of no marke nor likelihood,
By beeing seldome seene, I could not stir
But like a Comet I was wondred at,
That men would tel their children, This is he:
Others would say, where, which is Bullingbrooke?
And then I stole all curtesie from heauen,
And dreſt my selfe in such humility,
That I did plucke allegiance from mens harts:
Loud shoutes and salutations from their mouthes,
Euen in the presence of the crowned king.
Thus did I keepe my person fresh and new,
My presence like a robe pontificall,
Ne're seene, but wondred at, and so my state
Seldome, but sumptuous, shewed like a feast
And wan by rarenes such solemnity.
The skipping king, he ambled vp and downe,
With shallow iesters, and rash bauin wits,
Soone kindled, and soone burnt, carded his state,
Mingled his royalty with carping fooles;
Had his great name prophaned with their scornes,
And gaue his countenance against his name,
To laugh at gybing Boyes, and stand the push
Of euery beardles vaine comparatiue
Grew a companion to the common streetes,
Enfeoft himselfe to popularity,
That being dayly swallowed by mens eyes,
They surfetted with hony, and began to loath,
The taste of sweetnes, whereof a little

More then a little, is by much too much.
So when he had occasion to bee seene,
He was, but as the Cuckow is in *June*,
Heard, not regarded: seene but with such eyes
As sicke and blunted with community,
Affoord no extraordinary gaze.
Such as is bent on sun-like Maiesty,
When it shines seldome in admiring eyes,
But rather drowzd, and hung their eye-lids downe
Slept in his face, and rendred such aspect
As cloudy men vse to do to their aduersaries,
Being with his presence, glutted, gorgde and full.
And in that very line, Harry standest thou
For, thou hast lost thy princely priuiledge,
With vile participation, Not an eye
But is a weary of thy common sight,
Saue mine, which hath desired to see thee more,
Which now doth that I would not haue it doe
Make blinde it selfe with foolish tendernes,
Prin. I shall hereafter, my thrice gratious Lord
Be more my selfe. *Kin.* For all the world
As thou art to this howre, was Richard then,
When *I* from France set foot at Rauenspurgh,
And euen as I was then is Percy now:
Now by my sceptre and my soule to boote,
He hath more worthy interest to the state,
Then thou, the shadow of succession,
For of no right nor colour like to right,
He doth fill fields with harnes in the Realme,
Turns head against the Lions armed iawes,
And being no more indebt to yeares, then thou
Leades ancient Lords, and reuerent Bishops on,
To bloody battels, and to brusing arms,
What neuer dying honor hath he got
Against renowned Dowglas? whose high deedes,
Whose hot incursions, and great name in Armes:
Holds from all Souldiers chiefe maiority,
And military title capitall,